

By JOSEPHUS DANIELS

(Secretary of the Navy in Wilson's Cabinet.)

"If You Don't Take the Four-Power Treaty, You'll Have to Take the Anglo-Japanese Alliance"—That Is the Threat That the Framers of the Alliance Hold Over the United States Senators—It Recalls Roosevelt's Famous Sentence.

"If you don't take Taft you will have to take me."

That was the ultimatum which Theodore Roosevelt issued to those Republicans who early in 1908 had a mind to resent Mr. Roosevelt's selection of his successor. When it became known that Mr. Roosevelt after holding the national Republican convention in his private room and eliminating all the possible successors, had duly suggested, seconded and nominated William Howard Taft as Republican candidate for President in the year of our Lord 1908—I say, after the proceedings of that one-man convention had been publicly announced, some of the big wigs of the Republican party registered their dissent.

Some of them didn't want Taft. Others wanted a regular convention where delegates would be more than ultimatums. Some of the old leaders wished to play Warwick themselves and not let Theodore do it all by his lonesome. The Southern prospective delegates, who had been accustomed for nearly half a century to find service in the national convention their special ticket, raised their voice in protest when their source of income was unceremoniously cut off. But legend of all who walked were those Republican bosses familiarly known as the Old Guard of the Empire, who had disliked Roosevelt and were hiding their time in "get even" by selecting a President as was their custom who was "acceptable" and "agreeable" and "safe and sane."

T. R.'S ULTIMATUM.

When these mutterings reached the White House the redoubtable Teddy, who as a real boss has had no rival in recent years, did not reply by denunciation or confession and withdrawal. Having voluntarily thrice upon the Luperical, or in the White House, pushed away the crown by adhering to his self-imposed promise not to stand for reelection in 1908, regarding his nearly eight years as being equivalent to two terms, the limit beyond which no President should serve, fixed by Washington and Jefferson (the only two men who could have been re-elected a third time), Mr. Roosevelt regarded himself privileged to name his successor. He thought his experience and knowledge better fitted him for the job than any noisy, wrangling hundreds of delegates who might gather without instructions. Moreover, whose mantle was it, anyhow, which was to fall on another man's shoulders if not his own personal property? And if it was his mantle, didn't he have the right to say who should be the Eliza to receive it?

At any rate, when the rumblings of dissatisfaction with his "autocratic bonhomie" reached the White House, the only answer Mr. Roosevelt vouchsafed his critics and the other insurgents was this brief message:

"If you don't take Taft you will have to take me."

Nobody knew so well as Roosevelt that, though he plowed them when his crop needed their strength, the Old Guard bosses would regard any change as better than another quadrilateral when, instead of sending orders to the White House as had been their wont, they had to take orders from the Chief Executive. He had reduced his party in Congress to two classes—the orthodox and the greening insurgents. But he always managed by the Big Stick and his stimulated soft speech (did anybody ever hear him speak softly on public matters?) to herd them and drive them into the corral.

SENT THEM INTO A PANIC.

The message, "If you don't take Taft you'll have to take me" put them into a panic and sent shivers running up and down what passed for real spines. And Taft was nominated. The Old Guard found him very delightful and charming and very unlike Teddy, for though he did not do all they wanted, he did expect to make them feel that a friendly attitude pervaded the White House. And Mr. Taft's friends felt that his loss of prestige was due to his courtesy and good-heartedness, which could not be cold either to a Fenimore or a Cannon or a Ballinger or anybody else even if his hospitable courtesy did later bring upon him kindly head the blows from Roosevelt's big stick. The true story of the break between Roosevelt and Taft is—that that is quite another story.

I am reminded of that famous remark of Mr. Roosevelt by the tactics that are being employed by the Harding administration forces to secure the ratification of the treaty forming a close alliance between Great Britain, Japan, the United States and France. I place Great Britain and Japan first because they are already in an alliance, which has largely en-

abled Japan to obtain its foothold in China, take Korea, get firm place in Manchuria and now to have lodged a place for itself in Siberia. But for the alliance with Great Britain, who believes Japan could have made itself the overlord of the Far East and have reduced China to its present state of inability to protect its territory, its internal policy or its integrity?

I am not saying that the British have actively or positively had anything to do with Japan's expansion, but the alliance with the most powerful maritime nation made all Asia, and some other parts of the world, feel that what Japan did Great Britain would support. At any rate, as Japan has swallowed nations and provinces and extorted concessions no word of protest or saying "Thus far and no further" has come from its Anglo allies. It any one is inclined to be critical because England has not exercised some restraining influence over Japan's avowed Monroe doctrine for Asia, "The Far East for us," as it interprets such Pacific doctrine, such critic should remember the value of Great Britain's concessions in China and the threatened uprisings in India. How could Great Britain vigorously protest Japan's "spheres of influence" and concessions, thereby taking from China for itself sovereign rights?

JAPAN'S GIFT.

Great Britain had, along with France, solemnly covenanted to insure Shantung and other Pacific territory controlled by Germany if Japan would wage war on Germany. I am not now criticizing France and Great Britain for making that agreement with Japan. Those two nations were in sore straits in the throes of a war where their very existence was at stake. They needed all their forces in Europe. German ships roved the sea, sinking and killing and grabbing. Japan could defeat their ravages in the Far East. Japan was ready to enter the war on the side of the allies but desired if the allies won that all territory Germany controlled in the Far East should be given over to Japan. The bargain was struck and sealed. To be sure, France and Great Britain might say it was obtained under duress. But, as the representatives of both nations told President Wilson at Paris, when he urged them to join him in inducing Japan to return Shantung to China, they could not do so. Why, because, as they put it, they had solemnly signed a treaty with Japan, and to join him would be to make of that treaty "a scrap of paper." They added, "We went into the war condemning Ger-

many, because it called its solemn treaty obligations a scrap of paper."

When the United States suggested to the British authorities (very delicately of course) that it viewed with disapprobation or suspicion a renewal of the alliance with Japan, Lloyd George, with his facility for compressing much into a few words, said: "If you don't like it, come in." He made it known clearly that Great Britain could not break with Japan, that in his view the alliance was not against the United States, and if we suspected it might work injuriously to our interests both Great Britain and Japan would welcome the United States as a third member of the alliance or partnership. That was the genesis of the inclusion of Far East questions in the Washington Conference.

WHY DON'T YOU COME IN?

But no suggestion of a four-power pact, embracing the four-power alliance, was included in the agenda. If it was in the mind of Mr. Harding or Mr. Hughes to secure safe conditions in the Far East by America's entering into an alliance with Japan and Great Britain, no intention that we were headed for such an alliance was given to Congress or to the people. So far as the public was concerned they either hoped the evolution of the conference would be the League of Nations or would be reached by agreements carrying more of the "emoluments" which an alliance necessarily embraces in the very conception of the term alliance.

What has all this to do with the contest in the Senate over the ratification of a four-power treaty, making an alliance (pattered after the holy and unholy alliances which have cursed Europe for centuries) between Japan, Great Britain, France and the United States?

Everything. If you have followed the debate and the discussion in the press ever so slightly you have seen that the argument for ratification begins and closes with this threat:

"If you don't take the four-power treaty alliance you must accept and live under the Anglo-Japanese alliance."

Is it any wonder that Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes wished to prevent its renewal?

Is there no alternative but the hard and fast threat to the United States Senators:

"If you don't take the four-power treaty alliance you must accept and live under the Anglo-Japanese alliance."

MUST WE JUMP OUT OF THE FRYING PAN ONLY TO GET INTO THE FIRE?

WITHIN the last few months the members of the Peacock Alley Bloc have rubbed elbows with the great and the near-great of both the home-grown and the imported brands.

There was Foch, greatest military strategist since Napoleon; Princess Fatima, wearer of a diamond attached to her right nostril, whose fame rests on the popularity of a certain brand of cigarette; Diaz, the Italian Generalissimo, now the Duke of Victory; Urban Ladoux, otherwise known as "Mr. Zero," who escorted his human documents to the New Year reception at the White House; Briand, diplomat extraordinary and semi-occasional Premier of France; Charles King, a negro of brains and vision, who is President of the black Republic of Liberia; Beatty, hero of Jutland and son-in-law of the late Marshall Field; Ma Soe, an Americanized Chinese, who represents Wu Ting-fang's unrecognized Canton Government; Lillian Russell, discoverer of the fountain of youth; Eugene Debs, who, released on pardon from the Atlanta Penitentiary, was welcomed with the homage due a conquering hero, and Henry Ford, who has succeeded Mr. Rockefeller as the world's richest man.

When I dropped in yesterday I was surprised to find the famous old corridor is taking on a decided European atmosphere. I found a seat next to a distinguished looking Westerner, who exhaled a pronounced odor of cloves, reminding me of the pre-Volstead days. He entered into conversation by asking me for a match, and a minute later he told me in confidence that he had expected to be named as Ambassador to Berlin, but had compromised with the appointing powers and had accepted a place as field agent in the Department of Agriculture.

"You see," said he, "I come from Ohio, and I didn't want to embarrass Warren."

Half an hour later, as he chivalrously surrendered his seat to a lady in a brown tam o' shanter, I

Garibaldi's Flag

THE flag which accompanied Garibaldi in all his expeditions has been discovered in the chapel of the Villa Arson at Nice, which belongs to Count Raymond de Castellane. It is stated that Garibaldi stood godfather to the little daughter of his friend, Comendatore Arson de Saint-Joseph, and appeared at the baptism with his flag, which he presented with the words, "This is all a soldier can give." Count Raymond presented the flag to the Massena Museum,

PEACOCK-ALLEY BLOC

By the Man Who Didn't Write "The Mirrors of Washington"

WASHINGTON has a new fad. It's the bloc. Unless you are affiliated with a bloc you are old-fashioned and not up-to-the-minute. It all started with the bipartisan compact in the Senate, which was organized to protect the interests of the down-trodden sons of the soil. Then along came the "social bloc" and the "labor bloc"; then the "merchant marine bloc," and the "railroad bloc" followed in rapid succession by this bloc and that bloc until we have about a dozen separate and distinct blocs in the Senate.

"I'm seated in the third row on the Democratic side, fourth bloc over," I heard a new Senator explaining to one of his constituents in Peacock Alley.

"Oh, yes," said the man from back home, "right near the sheep bloc."

"Only two seats removed," explained the statesman. "I'm located now just half way between the boll weevil and the potash blocs."

As a matter of fact, the multiplicity of blocs and the interlocking memberships are becoming as confusing as in the good old days when T. R. shouldered his big stick and started on the warpath, with the determination to smash the interlocking directorates of big business and to separate the sheep from the goat in his endeavor to catalogue good corporations and bad corporations.

THE BLOC EPIDEMIC IS SPREADING

in the National Capital and is no longer confined merely to the four walls of the Capitol. Little blocs are bobbing up all over town like the measles. Doctors, dentists, lawyers and other professional men are banding together in little cliques and organizing their own blocs. Only the bootleggers and the landlors are holding aloof. They have not reached the point where they are willing to lay their cards on the table for the inspection of even those who are engaged in similar pursuits.

And the latest—the Peacock Alley Bloc—might be termed an Amalgamated Association of Little Blocs. It is composed of the "Sam Brown Belters," the "We Boys," the "F Street Flappers," the "I Know Harding," the "Will Hays-Told-Me," the "Roll-top Tea-chasers," the "Here Comes Charley Dawes," the "There Goes General Sawyer," the "Shipping Board is on the Blink," the "Junior Order of Cake-eaters," and the "George Christian-Said-to-me" blocs. Members of this unique federation assemble in the gilded corridor around the luncheon hour and remain in session until after the five o'clock tea. There are aristocrats and near aristocrats, the magnificent plebeians, the has-beens and the hope-to-be, hotel guests and the ever-present lounge lizards of both the male and the female of the species.

"Who are those gentlemen," I asked Mr. McHarg.

"Oh, they are experts," said he, "attending the Conference on the Limitation of Arms."

McHarg, who has pulled down his hair shingle in New York, has returned to North Dakota to help a rescue that State from the stranglehold grip of the Non-Partisan League.

For ten minutes I tarried to watch the entrance of the new crop of celebrities which come with every change of Administration. First came General Charles G. Dawes, of "Hell and Maria" fame, who, as Director of the Budget, is saving millions for the American taxpayers. He took his hat into the dining room with him and parked it under a chair thereby saving at least a dime. Then came a dapper little figure in the uniform of a Brigadier General, with only one shoe shined. I recognized Dr. Sawyer, of Marion, Ohio. Next to arrive was Albert D. Laaker, who, as Chairman of the Shipping Board, is making an heroic effort to keep Old Glory afloat on the Seven Seas! He was accompanied by "Jimmy" Sloan, Secret Service guard to three Presidents, who is now a prosperous broker.

General T. Coleman du Pont, towering six feet four, wrapped in the folds of an ill-fitting hand-made down greatcoat, came laden down with mysterious looking packages. General du Pont, who owns the hotel and who represents Delaware, the driest State of the Union, in the Senate, is out of bed at five o'clock every morning and has his breakfast at Child's along with the all-night taxi drivers.

As I was leaving the Corridor of Fame, Mrs. Irene Castle and her million dollar fur coat were being escorted to a table.

Gold Ledge Found.

BAKER, Ore., March 4.—A rich gold ledge, in the Green Horn district in the eastern part of the State, lost in 1860, has been found again, according to reports spread by a mining group here.

gave him 20 cents, which he is to return to me next Tuesday. I did this against my better judgment, for I well remember that Leon Trotsky, the war lord of soviet Russia, borrowed identically the same sum from me ten years ago when he was an East Side reporter, and forgot to reimburse me, which reminds me that I must ask Secretary Hughes to try to collect this money for me.

WHILE I was turning the matter of Trotsky's lack of financial responsibility over in my mind, a little man smoking a big cigar claimed the four-inch space between the lady in the brown tam o' shanter and myself. He, too, claiming the need of a match, and, fearing rapid-fire touchdown, I decided to move along, but he detained me long enough to impart to me some really sensational political news.

"Mellons going," he whispered. When I expressed surprise he continued: "Yes, it has been decided. His successor has been chosen. He is Wayne Mac Veagh, who was once Attorney General. I have just had a long chat with Mr. Mac Veagh, and he tells me that they are getting rid of Mellon because of his attitude with respect to the soldier's bonus."

"Are you certain," I asked, "that you have not confused Mr. Wayne Mac Veagh with his brother, Mr. Franklin Mac Veagh, who was President Taft's Secretary of the Treasury?"

"No, indeed," he assured me. "I know both men intimately. I refer to Mr. Mac Veagh. Didn't I tell you that I have just had a long talk with him?"

I did not argue the question with the gentleman, but he seemed to sense that I was accepting his statement with some mental reservation.

"I also got the information from other sources," he volunteered. "Will Hays told me in confidence last week that the change was to be made, and Charley Dawes confirmed the statement before Mr. Mac Veagh sent for me."

How could I doubt information coming from such high sources? But I am still marveling at such startling news. I wanted to ask the little man if he was a disciple of Sir Oliver Lodge, but I didn't have the heart to question his veracity. His story reminded me, however, that the Democrats have been insisting that President Harding now has several "dead ones" in his Cabinet. Although I was certain that this political oracle was spoofing me I went forthwith to the public library to make certain that my memory had not slipped a cog. Yes, I was right. Mr. Wayne Mac Veagh died in January, 1917, at the good ripe age of four score and four.

STOPPING near the entrance

to the dining room to greet Ormsby McHarg, one-time runner-up to Frank Hitchcock for political gumshoe honors, I espied three men, each with an empty left sleeve, in earnest conversation.

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By LORD ROTHERMERE---

(Editor-Peer Writes on the Breakdown of British Rule.)

"India Is the Keystone of the Structure of the British Empire—If Our Rule Collapses in India, Then the Empire Will Collapse With It—What a Dreadful Hash We Have Made!"

I AM told that in certain foreign countries it is being said that we British are losing our grip, and that our Empire is on the verge of dissolution.

It is not surprising that foreign onlookers jump to this conclusion when they contemplate the ruddle which has been made of our affairs, both imperial and domestic.

Consider the spectacle our Empire presents to intelligent and observant foreigners.

They see spasmodic rebellion rife in India, and a single fanatic agitator, Gandhi, permitted to rouse great sections of the population into open hostility to our rule.

Again and again I have been asked in France why we have let this sham and dangerous "saint" remain at large for the last two years, and I have never been able to give any convincing answer.

They see us unable to control the docile population of Egypt, the most submissive people in the Near East. They marvel at the weakness which has led our government to arouse impossible expectations among the Egyptians, who have no capacity for ruling themselves, and who have almost always been subject to dominion from without.

They see us foolishly involving the domination of a handful of Jewish Zionists upon the Arab population of Palestine, and backing up Zionism by a large and costly garrison of British bayonets.

They see us adopting the drawn course of heavily bribing obscure chieftains in Arabia not to attack us.

They see us spending money like water in a vain attempt to administer the wastes of Mesopotamia only to be confronted with a revolt in which we were deeply humiliated.

COALITION POLITIES.

They see us inciting the Greeks to reckless military adventures in Asia Minor, and even encouraging them to borrow money from us, although we are well aware that the favors the Coalition has shown to the Greeks have ranged Mohammedans in all countries, and especially in India, against us.

They see us scuttling out of Ireland, and leaving the Loyalists both in the North and the South a prey to bands of murderous rebels.

They see us fatuously deluding ourselves into the belief that we have brought peace to Ireland, although it is fairly obvious that a Republic hostile to Great Brit-

ain may quickly emerge, and that the worst form of conflict may soon be unavoidable.

They see us spending our substance lavishly while on the verge of financial collapse; pauperizing by making the State pay for their needs and for much which they do not need; and raising taxation to a height which is destroying our industries.

They see the Coalition helpless in the hands of the insolent Socialistic section of the bureaucracy, which is entirely out of control, and is usurping the very functions of the government.

They see our Prime Minister trying to force a meeting at Genoa with Lenin and his blood-guiltily followers, against the wishes of France, of the United States, and even of Italy. The Bolshevists, having reduced Russia to cannibalism, and being themselves very near collapse, are solemnly asked to consult with us about the reconstruction of Europe.

And can it be wondered at that abroad, where our manifold blunders are regarded with amazement, the British Empire is now believed to be near extinction?

The question I ask is: Are we losing our governing instinct? Are the qualities which in past centuries have made Britain feared and respected throughout the world disappearing from amongst us?

We must find an answer to these questions, lest we perish from the earth, as other great Empires have perished in the past. But first I would invite attention to the difference between the present feebleness of British rule, and the unvarying success which attends the administration of vast subject populations by Holland in the Eastern Seas, and by France in Indo-China and in Africa.

DUTCH SUCCESS.

The population of Holland, according to the 1920 census, was under 7,000,000; yet this small but indomitable nation rules, and rules admirably, groups of great islands in the East with a total population of 48,000,000. The island of Java alone carries a population of over 35,000,000.

The Dutch East Indies are held with a garrison of only 6,000 white troops, in addition to native levies. On the basis of comparative population, the strength of their white garrison is half that of the British garrison in India. The Dutch retain the secret of rule which we

are forgetting, and the only trouble they ever have is a little tribal warfare at the northern end of Sumatra. On the other hand, half India is seething with rebellion today.

France controls, in Indo-China and Africa, native populations numbering in all nearly 60,000,000, including 5,400,000 in the Morocco Protectorate. Of this total 12,000,000 represents the population of the French Indo-China colonies and protectorates.

Throughout the French possessions in Asia and in Africa there reign prosperity and peace. French rule is tolerant, but firm. A Gandhi who tried to foment rebellion beneath the French flag would be laid by the heels in a week.

The work of France in Indo-China is comparable to the achievements of the British in India in their prime; and she has had the good sense to come to terms with the Nationalist Turks in Asia Minor, thereby relieving herself from the odium we incur among our Mohammedan fellow-subjects by our stupid philanderings with Greece.

CHAOS IN INDIA.

Turn now from this picture of contented and prosperous millions under French and Dutch guidance, and look upon the chaos which has supervened in India.

We are probably on the verge of outbreaks in India such as have not occurred since the convulsion of the Indian Mutiny in 1857.

As a fact these troubles are already upon us. Already we have had two serious revolts in the Punjab, another in the northern part of the Bombay Presidency, the formidable Moplah rebellion, and a whole series of lesser disturbances.

The railways in Northern India are paralyzed by strikes, British men and women are constantly insulted and threatened, and every effort is being made by Gandhi and his backers to bring British rule to a standstill. The loyalty of the native army is being subjected to the most subtle temptations. Where will it all end?

INDIA IS KEYSTONE.

India is the keystone of the structure of the British Empire. Lord Morley once said that it is our only real Empire. If British rule collapses in India the Empire will collapse with it, while the peoples of India will be given over to rapine and wholesale slaughter.

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By HILLAIRE BELLOC---

(Distinguished British Writer in An Article in the New Witness.)

"Only an Exposure of Corruption in British Parliaments, Bench and Press Can Avert Disaster to Empire—The Wealth of England Is Departing—Full Publicity and Better Distribution Might Still Save the

THE great crash of Canne has not been succeeded by any breakdown comparable to itself in magnitude or intensity. It has produced its varying effects, as the tumbling of a great rock into a lake produces violent waves extending indefinitely and reaching furthest shores. But the politicians have not managed since that enormity to add any rival; they have given us no other folly upon the same scale.

The only question in which the English people concern themselves today is the salvation of England.

It is true that on this matter of life and death the great bulk remains uninformed. They are none the less touched indirectly.

The man going to work on his morning tram is told nothing of Europe; he gets at the best some muddled nonsense in his paper—that the French are no longer a first-class power, or that the Americans are virtually a part of England and will go to war at any moment for our interests; that the Italians are blind friends of England and will always support her no matter what happens; that "the Russians" have made a revolution enthusiastically national and wholly successful; that sea power is still the dominant factor; that a country called Germany will soon be immensely strong and will act in Britain's favor. These strange phantasies may languidly deceive him, but he finds his real interest in matters pressing him domestically.

BRITISH WEALTH EBBING.

The wealth of the country is departing. The means of supporting the forty odd millions of its people are rapidly disappearing.

The tragedy is made vivid to the individual in all sorts of ways. Those of the middle class with a fixed income find that it means about half what it did. The very rich are out down to

a third. The luxury trades cannot make out what has happened—a sort of catastrophe. The farmers are already half-ruined. The squires are paying their income tax by the selling of foreign securities and are cutting down their establishments.

The only people who are quite content are the banking money-lenders (for money-lenders always profit by the beginnings of a disaster, when men can still sell capital to pay interest) and the politicians who have the run of the public purse.

The fairy tale that all this trouble is a "trade depression" is petering out. People are beginning to understand that the menace is permanent, immediate and appalling.

Englishmen are assisting at a breakdown of England's ancient economic supremacy. We Englishmen cannot reverse the process; we can regulate the decline and prevent shock? Can we devise some means whereby the impact of each step in the descent shall be less violent and therefore less ruinous?

PUBLICITY IS ONLY HOPE.

In the largest sense the answer to this question is simple and twofold. Full information and better distribution of ownership might still save the State. It is bound to survive as something much poorer, but with a lively public opinion and many owners it would keep its health.

But better distribution of ownership seems impossible. It is too late. No one wants it; no one is capable of producing it.

What about information? Information might at least direct things into a better channel. If, for instance, British newspapers were filled with statistics as to the armament of modern Europe, with appreciations on the staff work of the different armies, of the artillery and the aircraft; true and lively discussion in the same papers of the way in which Eu-